

Gravity of Frustration

A collection of literary articles and a short story

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My Awesome Book
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Paradise Lost (literary essay)

Some disappointments do not burn you and do not hurt you as much as they tell you that you are stupid for the thousandth or maybe a million times, that nature is not cruel, but rather is just indifferent to what happens to me. It is the absurdity that lurks in the greatest roles of the universe and life.

Life that revolves in an orbit of regulated chaos! Or say coordinated chaos! Say it and don't be afraid. and why fear? ..and from what? Is this not the truth? The infection is transmitted! The shocking truth contagion.

you are amazing! You are always afraid for yourself, O being, of shock, while you are not afraid to dive into a deep sea of illusions... The sea of your illusions that you made for yourself or that they made for you, and perhaps that was to accept and be patient with what happens around you with openness.

Rather willingly! I know that it is very difficult to swallow the cup of naked truth saturated with the bitterness of gall... You will be shocked... You will be surprised...!!! wonder!!!! You would not have thought that it was like this. or that it was going this way. It is absurd that you worship everywhere.. In short, you are a toy in the hands of fates.

don't be deceived by what they stuffed into your head a long time ago. then they threw you into the deep. Immemorial of mythical metaphysics and they delude you that it is the bridge to reach the land of bliss!!! What bliss is this?!

And they will throw you during the arduous journey and in the middle of the road at the first hole they find that accommodates you and fits your size..Which hole can fit you?and to cry as you cry Others.the problem is that they will meet the same fate, and you will not seek help as you wish, you will not find anyone to help,, you know why.

because even I have to release your grieving cry for help with a wound that you lost will not respond to you and will not help you to release a single cry because her wound killed her. She was killed by the disappointment that died on the threshold of your life.

and you will find around you nothing but the yard that surrounds you on all sides. the yard only. and nothing Yes, nothing.... only he will be your companion on your journey to nothingness to annihilation... and when you do not ask and will not find a way to ask? where are they ?

Where did you promise me?? where?? where??? It's nothingness, my dear, just nothingnessMaybe nothingness hears the sound of their feet hammering as they tremble above the ground and trample over it with steps of whips lashing his back, and he can't utter a word or a letter.

and how is that and he (Nothing), nothing. They love that absurdity, that chaotic orgy that does not value anyone and does not take into account desires or goals, no matter how noble or that should have been achieved if fate had given them a chance to do so.

they love The most beautiful illusions if they will achieve a profitable trade .yes, very profitable. so do not create from illusion trading..what a wonderful thing they steal from you your life and life while you are going according to what they planned and drawn for you.

and sanctify it until you drift in their current and this becomes your principle, your belief and your only law The singular who has no partner...

What do I gain from trade .. Perhaps now you ask? Or do I see nothingness asking you and tears of heartbreak and astonishment dripping blood and fire from his eyes as he wonders? Where is what they promised you????!! Where have you been panting all the time to get it and win it in the end????!!

Didn't they tell you that life is prepared for you,!!! I hear now, but feel the sharp cut of a cold knife dripping with blood From the sound of the wailing of nothingness as it informs you with sadness, as if it fears you from shock while saying to you: I regret, my dear, to inform you that life was not prepared for you..and not for one day.!!! Never... and she was never prepared to receive you in particular.

and she was not ready to lay a red carpet under your feet when you came with your glorious appearance to receive you with the hospitality of the great visitors. All the time you think that you are the best, and the best over the rest of the creatures! I think?.,

All the while you are flying in a space of illusion without resting on a base to descend from your heights, leaning on it and entrusting your command in its hands, Do not be surprised now that you descended on the depths and depths of the abyssal earth without relentlessness, pity or mercy!!!!

It is your inevitable fate and you will not escape from it no matter how hard you try...and whatever you do,, Your mistake is that you believed the illusion trade and surrendered your mind and heart together to her as a mother who hands over her two children and dearest to her into the hands of the terrifying unknown.

And she thinks it is a paradise of bliss and eternal bliss... What a trick!!! Rather say what a strange, contradictory and strange paradox!!!

Your hand reached inside this box and that you messed with its guts and extracted what you wanted or what benefited you or what you thought was like that. you will not get anything but your illusions and assumptions And other than what this box is available to you. because you did not and will not come out with anything.

and what you thought that you extracted or took out from the depths of this box is nothing but a drop in a sea of mirage, unknown and nihilism that will continue to swim in it and dive into an ocean without reaching the shore of a definite end and you will not know The beginning no matter how much you try and be a fool who thought he knew it...

You can know that there is only one end always waiting for you. It is nothingness, annihilation, nothing... And when you become nothing, you will turn in The same astronomy and complete the same circle, but on condition that after you become (annihilation and nothingness and nothing!.,

My dear, the box of the universe was never prepared for you, as you thought, you are a number in a series of numbers, an individual in a herd,, a drop in the unknown sea, a feather In the wind (or strong storms that are tampered with by the hand of fates, however you want and whenever you want.

Absurdity is always what you want, only absurdity and nothing else... (They deceived you and said),, All the contents of this box are closed to what's inside And each of them was placed successively to the other, or each piece of the contents of the box

came with the other and so forth .as if each piece formed its existence and derived it from the presence of another piece before it.

a circle that twists and revolves around each other, completing each piece with the presence of the other and attracting it to it with the magnet of survival, continuity and existence, each It builds its existence and derives it from the other, or say, through the survival of another and the annihilation of another in the same direction, and to the same degree of importance that another remains, and in return another perishes, so that this other remains, and for the wheel to turn and the journey to be completed, but it is an indifferent path for you and others..

a futile path. With all your destiny and lifestyles She is just frivolous. She walks her way with all arrogance, cruelty and tyranny.. She tramples with her rough feet everything she steps under her. She is not interested in what happens to him or what happens to him in pain, torment or suffering. I would like you to know the contents of the box to you are: Pain of indifference, then annihilation, annihilation, and lack of non-existence..)

As long as you looked at the contents of the box and knew what was wrong with it, it should not be You should come to me now, a philosophical or patchy man, in a desperate, miserable attempt to heal your wounds and heal your pain and aches, and say with confidence: You can make your heaven and your bliss with your own hands in this life and before your death, thinking that you are creating for yourself bliss and paradise while you On earth is here to live in this bliss and enjoy it as if it were a story from the stories of a thousand and one nights, living on pleasure and sleeping on it,,,!

Forgetting or forgetting that the closed box of the universe always hidden for secrets has a thousand hands and hands that want to devour you with the claws of time and the absurdity of the mindless, staggering fates Always while she was drunk with wine, she orgy It flounders without calculation and without any consideration to the right and left with a raging storm that uproots you or takes off some of you while roaring right and left without concern for you..

or even that it will not pity you after it may befall you as a result of its raging raging winds... that extend suddenly and without warning in the hand of a crazy person. A deranged person doesn't know what he's doing, and he waves a sharp knife Right, left, and in every direction..

It is inevitably absurd, and you are at its mercy and at its disposal, pushing you in any direction without having the right to choose or self-determination!!! (Are you really in the midst of all this futility and that? Are you really enjoying the bliss that your hands have made on this earth and this planet??.!..

I doubt that, but it is the impossible in particular, but let me instill in you a dose of hope that may heal the body of your pain tired and who He was exhausted by absurdity and indifference. and let me tell you...

that you may be able, and this is what you wanted and determined and insisted on. you can leave you in this universe and this reckless, reckless life messing with you. He will remain a male whose drums are pounding and its echoes resonate in the ears, minds and feelings of the listeners forever...or perhaps it will be a beacon or a high example to follow for those who desire and demand you, or rather, asking for your thoughts, principles and approach to life....

but the question remains unanswered or it is a hidden answer.

But the question remains confused without an answer, or it is a hidden answer lying under the rubble of nothing. Will you then feel this bliss? Will you then enjoy the joy and pleasure of this immortal male? And glorify the rest here and there?!!!!!!

Will the bliss that you wanted to create for yourself before your demise while on earth surround you with a halo of light of happiness and a flicker of resident bliss, so you scream out of your joy and your pleasure in your bliss????!!!! Do you think that then and then you will feel something you nothing.....

Unfortunately we pass through life forced And we don't live it... And the painful tear that falls while you are silent from the severity of oppression....Believe me, my dear, and believe me, my dear, we yearn to never forget the truth. We just close our eyes a little so we can live.



Bastard

What is the boundary between the deepest points inside you and the greatest defeat outside you?? A confusing question, mysterious, suspicious, especially after you are alone now . now you are alone... that's how they told you. . or that's how you woke up

one day from your sleep and looked around you and didn't find him... I looked for him everywhere...

but without Useless... you didn't find him... you show that you won't find him, I rushed to them screaming and running... Where is he? where? And you are in such a match, and you see me. Was he here beside me.. here. . I was talking to him. . I feel his presence.

I know and be certain that he sees me. without seeing him!!! He feels me if I grieve and comes close to me if I cry... He extends a helping hand to me if I am sick. . And helps me when needed and in need. . He is my guardian... Where did he go? where? Did you make him angry?

Did I make a mistake in his right and if he punished me by disappearing and leaving him to me alone in the open in the barren desert of life! ? Do you see me having committed a great sin and deserved his anger and wrath. and his abandonment of me?!!

It is that labyrinth in which we are all stuck, and you, dear reader, may be one of those stuck in that labyrinth...When you touched the ceiling of space, you will fall underground, in its depths. .because you did not find a support on which to base.. or rested on it...Yes. Your bond no longer exists... and your dreams and hopes that you placed on it have evaporated and turned to pieces from the corpses of your wishes and dreams scattered in existence!

your father no longer exists and he disappeared forever from existence...and now you have become an orphan. .do you feel orphaned, lonely, divided from within, lonely that preys on you and feeds on the atoms of your nerves, anxiety and panic?

He did not leave even a message telling you about the reason for his departure from you.

or his anger at you.or his anger at you. . that is how he left suddenly and without introductions. then you suddenly discovered his absence!... I know for sure what you feel now. (betrayal). But before you start to wonder,

and your astonishment increases, and your pain kills you, your confusion. And that things were not going as you always think and calculate... if he was not responsible for you, and for a day...

he didn't know about you or feel your presence, not a moment before!!!!!! ...he wasn't your father when you thought he was...!!! I see tears falling from your eyes and you

cry out of burning for his loss and longing for his existence... Or say to an existence that doesn't exist at all.

What a disappointed, deceived And tell you that your father was never there as you thought...!!! And that things were not going as you always think and calculate... if he was not responsible for you, and for a day... he didn't know about you or feel your presence, not a moment before!!!!!! ...he wasn't your father when you thought he was...!!!

I see tears falling from your eyes as you cry out of burning for his loss and longing for his existence .

Or say to an existence that does not exist at all. Shattered by the dread of shock... I hear the knocking of your cries moaning in my ears and my tears flowing as you cry out crying for his lost existence...

and the lament of the worshiper over the loss of the idol... I pray to him that he might feel or hear the rustle of your breathless, pleading breath, that crawled quietly alive and speckled over the pieces Your scattered, scattered self.

I see you wondering eagerly, hungry and deprived, and in a defeated tone of voice, and you say desperately miserable: He used to embrace me one day! Did I miss his warm embrace. His embrace was the breeze that I inhaled in the sandy heat of the arid desert of life... It was the tender touch of warmth that wrapped me in its cloak To protect me in the night of a cold, snowy, stormy winter...

And now that you are drowning in the sea of your hot tears... You sneak into my ears with the lightness of a thief's pleas as you wonder and bewilderment fills you from head to toe saying: Should he leave me alone like this without a helper...

without a mastermind of my affairs. So who will protect me? Who?? Who??? You keep wondering and wondering in a stormy labyrinth and at a point between victory and defeat. .love and hate. .loss and finding,, anger and calm,revolution and submission,, rebellion and subservience. .and I see the slap of the truth that I slapped you with it, you rose against the face of your tormented soul,

as you argued with me between a believer and a liar, in a struggle within a battlefield on the land of your mind, and in a fierce and fierce battle. And you echo in your sacrificial voice that reeling drunk in pain, and you wonder: How and when? And in a fierce and fierce battle. As you repeat in your sacrificial voice, drunkenly reeling in pain, and you ask: How? and when? and where?? He exists. He did not leave me and will not leave me. He is indeed present.

And if the winds of your stormy voice roll over everything in front of him, then your wishes and dreams go before your eyes with the wind like a feather blown by the winds of illusions, and you say: No. . Rather, it seems to me that he does not exist.. He did not exist. He has a day of existence. .I alone was deceived.

I am the delusional who suffers from my painful affliction. I screamed, but he did not answer,I called him, but he did not answer.

I searched everywhere, but there was no answer. It is not easy for you, as they think. It is not easy for you to know and be certain with all the evidence and proofs that you are alone without a reference to which you can rest and rely on.. It is not It's easy for you to be sure that you will face since this The moment is life on your own and that you have become lonely with no reference to you and depend on him...

It is not easy for you to be sure that you will face since this moment you knew that your father does not exist, and that you have to face your fate alone and you are dealing with your problems alone without relying on him to take revenge to you from anyone,

or he submits to your crying in front of him, or to your supplication between His hands. . the matter was settled and the hidden was revealed.. and what was hidden appeared from the truth. . Now you will go to your secret place at night crying, but without anyone hearing your soliloquy or your crying. From now on you will start your day alone and live its details alone. you have to rely on Yourself from now on you have to mature...

Facing it may be difficult at first, but with time you will get used to it. .In fact, you will love it and hate your weakness, your submissiveness, your submission to a superstitious, chaotic, irrational, sadistic narcissistic existence. obedient to his consent. while the whole truth is that you were deceived or were so...

so don't care much about what they will say about you. you now see the haters' gloating looks at you.. You have to gloat over you... and those who have always hated you..

Now it seems to them that it is their chance to heal you while you are alone wrestling with life alone, but before you collapse in front of the torrent of their anger and the drops of their hatred that drips poison aiming its arrows towards your body.. let me suggest you that You ask them a question.

it may shock or confuse them. .and though I know that the patchwork is more than carefree on the heart and more abundant than the melted salt in the oceans. .but nevertheless your question will remain a lump in their hearts and a thorn in their throats.

*when they say to you, my dear, with sarcasm and scorn and with confidence.
Foolishness, arrogance and blind arrogance that you are the one who left your
guardian...*

*the guardian of your grace and the one who takes care of you Just because you
searched for him and did not find him. .then you claimed that he does not exist and he
did not respond to you or your call. As if you wanted that and hoped for it perhaps
without realizing or feeling..*

*Tell them, my dear, that you have indeed searched for him everywhere with all
seriousness and with all sincerity and dedication.. Answer them And tears are
dripping from your eyes, that you wished that you were wrong in your certainty or
your belief, as they claimed.*

*You wished from the bottom of your heart to find him smiling in front of you with lofty
and pride mixed with tenderness and kindness. . His pardon and forgiveness. but
unfortunately he let you down He did not and will never come...*

*and that when you were listening to the groans of homeless, hungry, tormented
children without any sin they had committed, you searched for him there, for his heart
might please them, to salute them, for their pain, and why not, he is always merciful. .
but unfortunately you did not find him there. At first I was shocked. .! I was
dumbfounded.*

*why?! Because you had always trusted in him in his greatness, in his justice and in
his mercy. .but suddenly you did not find him among these sick. hungry children, so
you said to yourself, I will not despair. I will continue to search. you have always
found justifications and excuses for him, and you are looking for patches to face the
storm of denial.*

*Your denial of Himself and His existence ... So I went to where these poor, starving,
afflicted with pain.*

*You may find it among them, but also this time I was disappointed! Surprise killed
you!!!, I slaughtered you from vein to vein with its cruelty. .and I made you taste
bitter with its bitterness, so you ran without thinking, and before you took a decision
that would change your life line, the path and destiny,, and stood at the door of this or
that prisoner. A crime committed by others.*

*only because he is weak, poor, poor, or does not have any evidence of his
innocence..!!! Why didn't he find someone to do it?!! Rather, say why is the ruling in*

his favour postponed indefinitely?! Is there a just judge who decides cases with integrity and conscience? Where is the justice and mercy in that?!..

and when she cried asking for an answer.. she did not find an answer or an answer..!!! You also did not find it there!!!,, and when I realized that it does not exist and it did not exist!!!!!! Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa To this degree a person can be deceived!!! A to this degree a person can misunderstand!!!! A. To this degree,

a human being can steal all his life in front of him while he is unconcerned, unaware. he stands like a cold statue watching his stolen years of life while he is satisfied, indifferent!!! Now tell me.

after all this and that. how will the shamans respond to your question??! Do they have an answer? Or are they truly haters and persistent in lying...But I hear your voice now from inside you now and you say to yourself: His door when you knocked on it did not open because it was simply not yours or anyone else's one day! and that he is gone from your life forever because he simply did not It wasn't a book, it was just a fake page in the book of life, and I folded forever..

and I also add my voice to yours and tell you: Remember that some stories have ended because your true story did not It begins after...Some opportunities are lost, but who finds great, Some pains are long, because the time of your next happiness must be purified by pain and pass through a dark tunnel covered with the bitterness of cactus and bitterness passed.

Do not worry about this betrayal, it will end and pass through the time of oblivion ... And as Mark Twain said: The more I know people, the more I love my dog... And as the master (Osho) said: The majority are made up of idiots.. Be careful of the majority and the majority, the truth comes to individuals and not to crowds.



Gravity of frustration

When all the false masks collapse .. all goals fall and all hopes wither in the pit of the labyrinth of infinity ... and the last ropes of the melting air are severed ! Which you are attached to , and dissolve like a piece of sugar in turbid water .

When you will find yourself gradually falling into an abyss of crumbling thoughts to take you to the farthest limits of the state of despair with all its sprawling fringes ... Your goal will never come close to you . It will not come close no matter how hard you try and whatever you do ! Maybe your goal doesn't want you as you want it .. and maybe it won't benefit you as you will benefit it ... it has not yet fallen into your love ...And the drunk did not falter, fallen into the ropes of your love, and do not try and then do not ...

Otherwise, you will sink into a sea of endless torment , or a cursed and sick disease will destroy you...It is the comfort of despair, my dear..Relax your mind and heart..And surrender.. Make all your members relax. .. You take a long vacation in which you become unconscious about your anxiety about yourself and your obsessions ...

It is indifference .. And what does indifference complain about? .. Many of those who do not care, I see them progress and in many cases they achieve .. Even those who hold power and those in authority do not care about the order of the weak and poor, yet I see them succeed and advance ..! Perhaps at the expense of others.. They walk over their remains , then they do not care ...

This is what I was thinking while standing in front of my mirror for long, short moments !!! I contemplate myself , it is not my face and my skin, which I fear from

the wrinkles of time .. Rather , I imagined that I saw the wrinkles of time and its scars inside my life and not on my skin.

His wrinkles were a long crack on the wall of the age of my years that pass one by one .. and I wonder But who is answering? Does he not respond? !! Do you see them only those in power who do not respond except to what and to whom they want? But even the highest authorities and the greatest prestige in the midst of any and all prestige.

Even he who owns all fates and his hand can take or implement any decision ! .. He does not answer and will not respond ... He is the highest authority, the most ruthless, the greatest and the highest of all things .. As he says about himself and describes it, nothing resembles him and nothing is like him !

he was full of wisdom kidneys ability...It is you , O God , do not respond .. no answer..how much you invite you .. How Jrotc...How Otatk but you.. good for no and Atstvid.

and I took wonder? Are you really there..? Are you a real being ... ? So why didn't you achieve what they wanted for me? And please to Sodrżina Tiles Hepta and your power cubicle Ivin again ,, claiming that this for me .. was able to make what is not Besalehi for me .. and what I want to do want me.but you did not do.

with that hand the reins of all things are managed at the helm hands and move as you want and breeze And you throw the ship of our life into the sea of your obedience and satisfaction.

Then why didn't you do that !!! ? Let me Oh Kmk O God .. This time Sohacki .. You are one of must be held accountable .. and not be held accountable .. You deserve the punishment and torment you had to maturity... always afraid , O God of the aging time.. Aging life .. aging wrinkles in self - not at me , but in my life ... Yes , I have Schacht my life , O God , and you are sitting watching .

Can make you happy my pain .. or Trac provided Resign from the position of God ? !!! ...and no longer exists !!! I left everything !! Did you not know, O God, what is going on with me...? !!! Do you know, O God, who you remind me of .. that you remind me of that being that you have always attributed and woven from your qualities..

that being that you have always revolved in all your words and judgments and made me as a woman spinning in your orbit and the center of his life ... he is similar to you oh god .. you are both on the same The degree of idiocy , idiocy , and dullness .. you are both with the same arrogance and hollow arrogance .. you are both with the same

deaf, blind self .. that only sees itself .. how much you love yourself, O God, and for this you were created, as you claim, if what you claim is true, I created a being like you and gave him the authority to treat me As he likes..and as he goes along with him .. As for me , I don't ... until the rust covered my life and it seems that it will continue until the day I die..Then suddenly (the rust) I remembered it , and raised my eyes to the top of the mirror ... So I found that damned crack .. aaah .. I forgot that the rust began coating the mirror of the virus .. I have widened and the accumulation of rust on it..

even covered him and Ksah .. as Can my pain Aaatarana when you came in those Alhzh .. within moments passed as if the years ! ! I felt your gentleness approaching me, little by little, Oh god man or god man !!! And I'm two steps away from your spectrum and I wonder??? When did you come?..I wonder what brought you to this exact moment !!!..

And why did you come? and how? Many questions attacked my thinking and swooped down on it with the claws of a hungry lion who found stray prey in a barren desert with no one to defend it... I asked you while trembling.. I tremble from the pleasure of your caressing me and from the pleasure of my fear that I will approach you more than that and sighed saying : What brought you now!!?Did you forget me

... ? You approached me two or more steps ,, And I moved away from you after hesitating one step.. So I took my hand and felt it tenderly, saying: Did you not want to come? I know you've been waiting for me? Immediately, immediately, and with short breaths, I answered you : No, on the contrary, I was not waiting for you .. Rather, I was always trying to delay your coming... and I used to say to myself that it was better that you didn't come ... This was better for you and me and....

So you interrupted me sharply mixed with longing as you plucked the truth out of my eyes. And you contemplate them with tenderness and eagerness , saying, , :You're lying...You care about my presence..... saying : And the longing in your eyes that tears slipped gracefully in a tumbler in the circus..

And before a tear fell from my eyes, I ripped it from its roots with the tip of my finger, saying in a tone topped by the rust of transcendent pride and arrogance of longing hidden in the folds of my voice, saying to you: You are the most important..It is nothing real from this this or that....

Both things are with me..your presence or your absence.. so you slowly and carefully turned behind my back and said to me while you were holding me from behind and embracing me with your hands with all your strength..a strength mixed with fiery longing and endless rage, saying to me with the most confusion: You are a group of contradictions I am tired of your contradictions, woman !!!

And in the midst of a hurricane wave that squeezes me between the storms of your strong and big hands I answered you saying: Contradictions...? !! All of us are contradictions with contradictions!!! Our age and the difference between us are contradiction... Our love ,, overlapping and feelings emerging in descending mystery is the sea committees contradictions ... just as you , O God...

I should not be the upset of my trial for you ...This is less than what should .. Other than this right and then acquire it for yourself and your ego sacred animal !!! And it demands everyone to sanctify it and not touch it.. without asking yourself.. why do they sanctify you and on what basis?? !!!! Alin K. As claims to invent them..??? !!!! And according to your claim, they possessed them ...!

A thousand question marks about this claim and a thousand exclamations??? !!!!!!! Let me ask you? Why did you create them according to your claim if we suppose for the sake of argument the validity of this claim .. which there is no evidence for it .. despite that you demand them and force them to worship you and do not allow them to do that with any alternative !!!

Did they ever ask you to create them or create them in life? Did they beg you not to deprive them of the bliss of its misery, the pleasure of its torment, and the pleasure of its annihilation !!! Did they wish that you would throw them into the sea of this huge midst of its inferno and then let them sink and crash and the scorching waves of hell wrestle with them until they fall to the bottom of the ocean of that hell !!! Did you ask them if they want you to create them or not ? ? Why not give them the freedom to choose and the will to decide? Then who will hold them accountable and torture them? Without the right to decide or even the right to choose? Did you tell them how and in what way they worship you? No, it did not happen ..Did you leave them the freedom to choose a creed or religion? No, it didn't happen ...

Did you show them what shape or template they want you to portray? No, it didn't happen .. Let me tell you what I did to them? I've thrown them into the abyss forest dark .. the grave .. leaving them for predators of humans and other organisms ravage the gradually and their bones .. have their campaign the burden of life without having to ask you for that..

even Naaa carrying it and sapped their strength .. If you whip Amabk and your threats Tj Dahm .. not Have mercy on them .. frankly declaring or saying (insolently) that you will not have mercy on them if they fail to bear this burden or think of leaving this forest without your permission...!!

But they threatened them with grief and destruction to obey and listen..To listen your words and convince..When Talibok Rajin subject Zlilin that they may know from near Ahadthok and see you..

hid them , I figured no matter how far and begged to see you did not answer Tjbhm or reply useful!!! Then after all this and that ..I find you have described yourself as a distant relative !!! And you are the Most Merciful, the Most Merciful, the All-Knowing!!!

Tell me what you heard from the crying of the hungry and the wailing and wailing of the poor..What did you do to the children who died of disease and starvation..Tell me on what basis you want to hold accountable those who demand to see you or want to see your existence as a reality to be guided by the truth in the light of your guidance..

Tell me What is the fault in that? How do they find you and in which direction and which side? Why did you tire them? Why did you exhaust them? Rather, why if you are truthful in what you claim, why did you create them and bring them into existence?? You tell them.. to worship you !!!!!!!! Only for your worship .. for your comfort ..for your pleasure.. Then let them starve to satisfy you of supplication, groveling and reverence .. and let them strip naked to cover you with your might and tyranny...

and let them be tormented in your path so that you may enjoy the glory of your glory and your dominion !!! So, allow me to wonder and say to you .. (Oh, your hatred, your narcissism, and your selfishness !!!!!) Do not be angry at my trial, O God of wrath.. I know that you are not accustomed to anyone reviewing you, prosecuting you, or asking you? But the truth imposes itself and asks a question that raises itself? Did you create them for your pleasure and created them to bow down and stoop their heads on the ground, prostrating themselves in worship to you and out of fear of your prestige, greed and hope in your grace !!!!

And now I wonder what grace is this? What bliss and what grace is this that you have created for them to be humbled and humiliated, and for their night and their day they are humbled... glorified, joyful, and rejoiced? With what and for what??? !!! Because you threw them into the hell of life and then left them to fight death to the yard !!! Because you promised them that if they slacked off from carrying her heavy burden, then they would have severe torment and punishment on the day of meeting !!

You created them in a form, an image, a mechanism, and a fragile and weak system that perishes for trivial reasons, and the least that can be said about them is stupidity in stupidity !!!! Now, may I ask you, O God, saying? Are you a fool? Were you feeling bored and empty, so you brought someone to fill you the cup of absence and provide you with your worshipers and loved ones? ! Then you said to yourself..

I am the Knower of the unseen and the revealer of all hidden things , and I am the beloved and the beloved .. So, what do you hold them to account for and hold me accountable if I am the truth as you claim and I am not a mere fantasy? ! Why do you blame them, blame me, punish them, and punish me,

if you know the future in advance, make and estimate fates, humiliate the difficult, and make things easier? !!! Then after that you claim that in you we have disbelieved, and in your covenant we have betrayed, and in your torment we have won, and in your bliss and your paradise we have lost !!!! Now I am certain or I am about to say that you are nothing more than nonsense in nonsense...

and stupidity in stupidity ... and if there was a god with this stupidity and foolishness, I would throw him in the open .. I know that I am addressing the impossible illusion and trying a god from the beginning who is resigned...

But did you see how you attributed all your contradictions to this male, male being that you dyed with your foolish coloration .. and your idiot principles From the beginning, you set up between me and you, O so-called God, a glass barrier.....and placed an impenetrable barrier between you and all those you claim to have created .. even if they approached this barrier Via Delhi..

and blood will cover their bodies !! Then you came to say that you are the tenderest and that you give forgiveness and give forgiveness and forgiveness !!! Oh, your contradictions, O God, the Most Gracious ! How amazing is your transformation and your domination over the sons of man. ..You immediately reminded me of this masculine, human male...

which I told him one day when I thought that I truly desired him: We know each other..but we don't know each other..who said I know you? Anna !. Shall we write to each other ?!!! Who said I write something to you.. that's why.. It is said that you as Tibet me will happen someday? ...Day initiated an attempt to extract the answer to your question from the lips lightly professional thief in the theft..

Vontvdt hand as far away from me as if Massa electrically touch and tone of voice confused AC groaning inside your shows more than it hides saying: II write just writings ,, or Songs and poems in my thoughts in my comment box,,I laughed a tearful laugh that I could hardly hide until I mocked the tears that I was holding.However, she refuses to do anything but ignore me and betray me and slip down without my knowledge of her, saying to you: I know, I know that perfectly.I just said we write to each other and we don't...

Is there anything in this that will harm you or harm you?. And what remains between us is suspended forever, revolving in the same vicious circle and the missing link ! !!

And in a tender turn, I turned to you,and with an acrobatic movement of your hands, our two faces came close to each other, and the eyes met in an eternal cloud that roamed and roamed in the mail space of feelings and mutual looks between us, loaded

with the scent of love, the fragrance of eagerness, the fires of longing, and the whining of memories, knocking on our ears in tender ways, and you say to me : You are the one who started..

You Albad cent of what was between us ..I remember ..mr Aaaam or approximately the year..

Memories and I glimpse the vague, confused and confused features of your face in every flower of the garden of memories.A year or years have passed.. I saw your anger, your silence, your confusion, your arrogance, your stupidity, your stubbornness, your stupidity, your arbitrariness, your sadness, your joy, your laughter.Or something similar.. I don't remember specifically..

year, but years of love. You are the angry , loving one.. Bullish bearish bullish bearish !! He does not remain, nor does he leave, in a hymn of eternal love , So I got closer to you more and more and my hands felt your hands ... Didn't I tell you that everything between us is a contradiction!!!But hey .. it's not the beginning ...

that you think they are not the beginning or traditional physical .. is what Oniha ... may be he started from so inspired ... It may be he began to encourage the beginning ,, it is the beginning the Actual ,,The beginning does not always come at the beginning , perhaps the real beginning comes at the end!!! !!!and whoever finishes is the one who starts! Or vice versa ! I found myself a to Taft suddenly hung and theoretical to the top where the crack in my mirror as if a thorn stuck in Janbay ..

omdat hands Bonaml scared trembling and cautiously approached the rift mirrorlike and the movement of light heavy from my fingers passed by and I sense the rift over the surface of my mirror . If drops of blood out Mokhtalh proudly Victory, a military leader in the war.. so I screamed in pain I was surprised by drops of blood coming out of my fingertips...

and your shadow appeared to me behind the mirror ..I no longer realize or can determine whether it is the mirror of the time that passed between us and that will pass in a dividing line between truth and mirage Longing and eagerness,, the mother of the thing and the nothing!!! Or is it my mirror through which I see and feel my face every morning..

Then I took a quick peek at my body as it swayed in front of it .. the mirror! Is it this or that!!!? All the landmarks are in front of the stumbling map of time in front of me, as if I am trying to draw its borders from the beginning, so that I can find my desired goal.In a labyrinth inside the corridors of forgotten time, He appeared before me in blatant defiance and outrageous blackmail of my emotions.

but your slender eye And you look at me meditating like a praying beast in the night of a beast! Our fingers exchanged touches and cravings, and we gathered all the drops from the nectar of longing , so we sipped from the river of love until the expressions dried up and eagerness and longing melted between our fingers all the words!!!! All this and our bodies are getting closer and closer..

but I felt another body standing like an impenetrable dam separating us..a transparent glass body with a crystalline texture. .. I tried to feel your hands and feel our fingers rubbing against each other... but hey! .. My hand bumped into this huge, horrific crystal body as if a genie was screaming at me, warning both of us to get any closer, or that one of us was thinking of hacking it or else?

At that time, drops of blood flowed from my hand, sounding the alarm, as if reminding me of pain, so that the drops of blood would not increase more and more.. Then I realized the matter... I knew what it was... And I saw you approaching in defiance of this crystal body and the glass barrier... Your river was screaming, begging you not to.

otherwise, what happened to my fingertips would happen to you...and drops of blood streamed from my fingers as they wiped this transparent, crystalline glass partition until the blood covered it from my fingers, and your face disappeared from me in the midst of a thick cloud of blood that sank in the space of this crystal body, and the sound of its hungry, bloodthirsty roar We both scream in my ears and I wonder what if we tried to penetrate the crystal body? What if we challenge him?!!!

Perhaps it is the end , and he may precede us and gnaw at his sharp, crystalline claws whose buzzing resonates in my ears... To be entrapped by the arteries of my hand or hand or a part of my body or your body ... There is no room for approaching more than that ... The field is impossible ... And the impossible is not a field!,... It was like a dream since its beginning...

A pink dream but stained with blood If any of us tried to get any closer to the field of the transparent crystal body!!!!!!!!!!!! But beware, the crystal body sees me and sees you ,, Height tall separates, and woeAll woe to those who try to approach! ... I woke up suddenly and terrified, trembling with fear , As if the entity of this transparent, crystalline body penetrated all the folds of my body, as if it jumped into the depths of my dreams and probed the depths of my sleep. .. to fill my body with wounds and blood that jumped from dream to reality. ..and was covered with all the covers around me while I was on my bed...

May I get rid of the effect of this mysterious dream. Then I got up right away and picked up my papers and gave them a special greeting ,, And (It is very nice to sleep and wake up without finding any message from someone telling you that he misses you, loneliness is beautiful, gentlemen...

and always remember that you have someone who does not leave your memory no matter what the reason is, but it is very impossible to reach him .. I loved you one day O God. I love it. also .. I may someday want you , O God , as I dreamed about it and I want ..

I love you , and I hope for the proximity of you , O God , as you want closeness and love .. I adore you , O God , you think Q T. Hamina from the treachery of time as you I think he will protect me..

I thought, O God, that you are tender and that you are tormented and hell will never meet me.. as I thought that he, the other, would warm me with a love in his arms and protect me.

Both of you failed me, O God.. Both of you deceived me with illusion and both of you wanted me to deceive and not understand. You both tampered with my destiny and my destiny, and you almost destroyed me, if it wasn't for me, and in the last moments and before the last breath expired, I regained my being, both of you want one thing (you and you and you) you want yourself only as he wants..

you want your bliss in the misery of your beloved and your servile servant as he seeks and aims . You both bled my little hands when I approached the glass partition. Your chains that bled my wrists for what I keep and what keeps me.. I don't keep promises you didn't keep and what families and the world know to me.. I lost your influence and your magic that was for me, O God..

I find from him nothing but absence and ingratitude.. I have become unimaginable and non-existent, and I have lost you with my desire and conviction, as the other has become to me missing,, I have given up that condition and its existence within me has become an impossibility. Blind you as he blinded him.



Gaps

Any number over infinity or divide by infinity equals zero... I wish I had an answer other than this... But it is a logical mathematical and logical language... It does not accept distortion or switching... Dear reader... Do you accept my friendship ? I want to be your friend... I want to open a door to an intellectual dialogue and an exchange of mental discussion between you and me.

I bet you will accept... Now let me ask you a question... I trust that curiosity is pushing you forward while waiting for my question. Suppose you have a black dress in front of you. or dark... worn out... filled with holes and melted... and its voids were covered and blotted out by dark spots like it in attempts to repair it... Are you satisfied with wearing it? Or even buy it? Of course I know the answer...

Of course not... But what if this garment is your life that you live and live every day and every night...? What if those holes are the emptiness of your thoughts... the trouble of your day and night... and you are panting in search of... the hidden truth, or even half the truth...

Rather, you might be satisfied with even a small part of it..... who has always been and continues to knock on the door of truth until exhaustion killed him... and he did not find a way before him but to reveal and divulge.. He must have been tired of the urgency of the need and the humiliation of the question...

so he decided to leave the mysterious truth because it seemed so far-fetched to him. Unfortunately, as human beings, we do not have a mechanism to discover the truth... and we can never find out what it is and explore its depths, no matter how hard we try...

But science and logic will assure us of some facts based on evidence and proofs... And now, dear reader, I know that there is no complete truth. Rather, science has phenomena and evidence for us... Now you have no choice... but to fill the gap. ..and fill the gap... Patching the hole. ..A cover that hides defects and covers the empty air holes and pockets... It is not a garment. It's normal... It's your life of which you are a part, spinning in its orbit...

and spinning with its axis like clockwise... So wait... Yes... commit suicide dear reader...! It's faster and easier to choose ...What? what do you say? Do not be afraid, my dear... I hear cries and cries of astonishment... I see mouths open... But do not be afraid. ..Do not be surprised by my words.

It is just philosophical suicide... Yes (philosophical suicide) explained by (Albert Camus) When he explained that the human mind is the one who must commit suicide... and stop thinking as the clock stops spinning...

meaning that you must respond to life as it is (empty of all meaning... satisfied with



your intellectual emptiness... And your philosophical sisters... bear the burden of your disappointment and disappointment in miserable vain attempts to understand... then you go quietly... satisfied with the peace of your mind and the bliss of his laziness... and of course ..

I know that you will not be frank with yourself... and it will burden you to admit this absurdity, emptiness, and meaninglessness with which your life is filled with every time your mind asks it, trying to find an explanation or explanation and analysis of what is happening in it and going on in it... because it is the highest it can reach. The mind...

is curiosity, questioning, astonishment, and attempts at analysis and interpretation...then this mind finds no way before it but to stop asking questions... and accept easy and simple answers, but they are often not convincing. A person is accustomed to questions, but at some point he will stop doing that... and this is what I mean...

(The mind will die by suicide in the name of indolence and indulgence... and contentment with the beliefs spirituality and ideas you inherited... It may relax your breathless mind a bitand extinguish the burning flame so that it does not rekindle again It is true that your body and its biological functions are working, but your mind has died...

and stopped thinking... to give you rest so that it also rests ... Why not in the legacies, customs, traditions and beliefs... Why then? It exists for the comfort of your mind, and luxury is its laziness, until it rusts or say 'to the point of death.. ! Thunderous applause... What a soothing sedative... for the aches and pains of the mind. It is the appetite for clarity...

The longing for solitude and the insistence on intimacy ...It is what pushes your mind slowly and gradually to its suicide...With a fever of comfort and laziness....It is the impetus for human drama. To continue and delve deeper into patching that damned

dress... whose empty holes are always screaming and calling for its air, demanding to fill its impotence and fill their void...

And reminding you...of your disappointment and the betrayal of your thoughts that always came back to the starting point, dragging the tails of disappointment and tasting regret. One of the most common forms of intellectual and philosophical suicide for your mind, sir and madam, is to accept the metaphysics of creeds, myths and ignorance of your spirituality...

without thinking, without refining, without scrutiny and scrutiny...Matters... A supreme authority that punishes the abuser, equals the good and the benefactor... Fun... Fun... What an easy and comfortable solution... So why do you think, O mind? And what are you bothering about? And dissolve...

So let you rest in eternal rest in eternal eternity and the bliss of velvet laziness... And let its owner rest from his torments... and all his suffering... Even if that rest is at the expense of your mind... Even if rust eats it and rots it like a bone mite gnaws at the bon.. What is important is that you remain within the circle of your own comfort...

And what are the stakeholders who benefit most from such a principle, and this is a comfort for your mind, isn't it, dear reader? And if you ever ask yourself... Where did you come from. What is your destiny, and what is the essence of true existence. Do not worry about such matters... Do not tire your mind with such thoughts... Rather, leave it to this supreme authority. Which you don't know anything about...except that it's true...

why? and how? And what is the evidence? Nothing but it...And it must be like that... It must be like that... It is a certainty that you reached by your belief in that... Isn't it?! How ridiculous and amazing is this certainty of faith!... How do the two extremes meet?! There is no difference between the two!...

But you, dear reader, are always shocked. You will be shocked... when you know that there are material things that transcend the world you live in... in desperate attempts to wake your mind from its slumber and try to retrieve it after its death! And you ask yourself and your mind The absent one who is trying to wake up from his long, eternal slumber...

but there is no answer...and you will not find from life an answer to your questions...except for the frightening and suspicious silence. Believe me, dear reader, you will find in front of you nothing but to run out of breath in an attempt to fill the holes and fill in the blanks... the blanks of the dress of your life...

May it comfort your mind or rest your heart with it... Reassurance of those constants that were planted inside you and grew up with you since your childhood, but Let me now ask you... What if you used this curriculum and that method as a law and a dictionary that translates your life for you and makes your tragedy easier for you... Would you fill all kinds of deficits in such a way...?

Have you filled the void of your emotional life and plugged the holes in his cloth, which was eaten by moth or almost? Do you fill the emptiness of your social relations (your neighbors...your parents...your brothers...your family) with this convenient and easy way... so as not to tire your mind... damn you, you worn-out dress... you have dissolved patchwork... and you have become one of the Your many empty spaces are unpleasant, sloppy and sloppy...

Do you always, dear reader, go to Al-Hayat supermarket to buy packaged and packed questions and answers, this supermarket is always located in its fixed address... It does not change, it is in the street of inheritances, customs, beliefs and spirituality. His merchandise is always ready for quick use! It does not need examination or scrutiny...

Its price is cheap and comfortable, inexpensive and cheap. Do you rest and relax your lazy mind for such a life.. . Have you convinced yourself that the dark, worn-out dress of your life has become your size and suitable for you. And that there are those who designed it specifically for your comfort...

or so you deluded yourself from the beginning... and overlooked its holes and found nothing in front of you but to patch them until the end. But the question that jumps to present itself here, is your conscience comfortable with that?...

This is if we assume that your mind has settled and filled the emptiness of the emptiness of your dress has now satisfied.. But does your conscience rest...? I will leave the answer to you, dear reader... Knowing that the features of the faint ghost of truth,

the shadows of your lost mind... and the mysterious essence of your life, they will all haunt you in your dreams... They will haunt you, and they will disturb your sleep, and none of them will rest until they receive a satisfactory answer and adequate explanations from you.



Under the guillotine (literary essay)

On whom do you read your psalms, O David?! A deplorable question has been heard by all of us for many years and many times... But the question always arises strongly...

Did you not try at one time to find an accurate and profound explanation or feel with us for this wisdom or this proverb..I know... I know exactly what you will say To me that its meaning is well-known and clear to everyone...

It means that (there is no benefit, no use, no benefit, and no life for whom you are calling... But know, my dear, that I did not mean this or that. There was a reason to write this article in the first place!... Forget about it, leave your mind and your feeling in the presence of the sideliness of the situation, the prestige and dread of the tragedy.

Have you experienced that feeling. You are standing in front of everyone trying to stand on solid ground,, Its solidity derives from the strength of your will and the soundness of your logic and your position at the same time. and all eyes are watching you. following you.

watch your whispers and your looks, your gesture. some may show some sympathy while muttering indistinct words like saying (what a poor person) Others do not care about the matter, as they do not care about it, and their tongue says (in any case, he got what he deserves and if this is the end, he must deserve it) and a group are the majority. . the crowds. . the groups screaming cheerfully, happy.. but say two people..

they enjoy what you are. It is good for them to see your bowed head in front of them in the humiliation of your pride! And And the greatness of your curvature!! And their tongue tells you to reveal the secret of their hidden hatred against you (there is no need for your heroism. .they no longer benefit you...

there is no point in being a rare or extraordinary hero...or straying from the rest of the team in a direction as long as you take a friend and companion, a journey and a road ... I see that you have known or discerned from between the lines who they are? And who might they be?..

They are the vast majority. They are the epidemic spreading in the body of society. They are the danger that is always followed. And for whom they strike the glorification of peace, and they are loyal and submissive to him and are extreme. Appreciation and respect...they're these idiots The ignorant. .who are so full of society's body that it cried out of its pain. .but there is no life for those you are calling. .this is what I mean.

the dread of the situation..the picture is from the inside and not from the outside. .what if this danger approached you..and you fled.. I screamed for help. .you want to flee with your dreams.and your ambitions..with everything you see real, a flash of lightning flashes in the space of your life.

and they see it as a mirage..myth,, false, false and slanderous... they see you as a culprit, a criminal who deserves the harshest punishment.. Rather, what you have is a little on you.. and you deserve torture from your head to the soles of your feet!! The truth will not help you clarify your position.

With your full knowledge that the truth does not visit crowds, not even one day, not even as passers-by, these bastards are from scattered groups! Those who are divided among themselves...these will not be visited by the truth for once.

but now, or even a part of it, stands at your doorstep..believer in your altar and in your hands..and no matter how much you try to beg for the sympathy of heaven. And logic, evidence and proof throughout space..May the bird of truth snatch you snatched from the fangs of their hatred and the flames of their evil flying into you..perhaps the sound of their consciences crying out from them ..He listens to you even for once.

But you know very well that they will not listen to you..They will not comprehend what you have..No matter how much you defend and explain and clarify..They have been blinded by injustice and closed their eyesight and tyranny..The sun of truth disappeared from them in the catacombs of oblivion.

until they became moving machines. They spin like clockwise without question or interest.. they just move in the same direction, all of them in a dark tunnel in one of the halls of time.. and you are standing watching, screaming, your heartbeat is panting.. your mind is almost emptying all its thoughts.

words..phrases..facts..information..running to save what can be saved from the pieces of truth that were torn under their feet that ran over them with all arrogance and without thinking,,hey..but beware. .beware. .they want to destroy you..your annihilation,the judiciary You have to run away.

run .they will not spare you if you remain among them. .if you remain in your place, death will approach you little by little. .you will die while you are alive!! You will die while you are alive... How horrific is death alive.. and how cruel it is to live in anticipation of death.

or live from lack of death!!! Death that feeds on yourself and feeds on it and you are among them day after day You always see him around you in their looks. .their words and their cries that are filled with foolishness around you. .you see him swallowing you. .tearing yourself and your feelings.

your feeling. .exhausting you every moment that passes you .melting you in the crucible of time and nowhere. .it kills you before you are killed! His sacrifices tremble with fear and greed... for fear of a painful end...

and hope for a merciful pity. .Your tears fall, begging them to understand you,, have mercy on you. .But your path leads you to the way to the end. .It throws you into the depths of a deep, dark well. .its blackness is Dark black..

You will not be able to seek help.. the sword has preceded the affliction.. But always remember that loneliness is the fate of great souls.. and that to be what you have to do now, you have paid a heavy price.. from your nerves. From the years of your life and from your desires and whims.. that in order to be the woman that I am now.

I had to kill all the men inside me.. and crush all the bastards under my feet... in order to be the woman that I am now I had to get rid of them.. of them Who says that my failures are all because I am too emotional.. who claims that my shock is not real. .and to become the woman that I am I had to kill the crooks inside me one by one And day by day..

to become the woman that I am, I had to realize that my head was filled with many voices that were not mine! Therefore, I had to and had to purify her daily from those false voices. I always had a plan, a dream, a vision, a goal.

shouting demanding to find and make it on the ground and the truth.. Do you think I am wrong if I get rid of them and kill them all? ..so that they do not kill me with their stupidity and ignorance. .and before I categorize them among them..i am spinning in the orbit of their unjust beliefs. .it is my life.

*my life is me and I will not pass its nose in the mire of submission and submission.
.and you, dear reader, should do the same.. Be careful, there is always a way out
There is a light somewhere, it may not be strong enough, but it dispels the darkness..*

*the darkness that approaches you at every moment to suck your blood drop by drop
while you are standing stunned, trembling, watching it without moving.*

*Take care. . It is your life. In the dust of their stupidity, their towns, and the
superstition of their ideas. . It is your life.. Escape with what strength you have left.
Its remnants are still left. Wind your legs enough to run away from them.. Provided
that you make up for the time. .the time goes by quickly.*

*be careful ,be careful Know your chances well, hold on to them. .don't let them slip
through your hands, you will not be able to beat death, but you can beat death in life,
and the more you master it, the brighter the light that will dispel all the darkness
around you. And then he will save you. be careful. .your life. .is your life. .as long as it
is yours now you are great. .always if you take heed. you are great.*

*and always remember Charles Bukowski saying that (No one can save you Except
you, and they will repeatedly put you in almost impossible situations, and try again
and again with their tricks and ability to make you submit, surrender and die.*

*quietly inside you. .no one can save you but you. .it will be very easy to fail. .but No.
.no. .don't. .just. .look at them, listen to them. .do you want to be a being without a
heart. .without a mind, without a face like them.Do you want to experience death
before you die...*

*No one can save you but you. .You are worthy of being saved, .It is a war and it is not
easy to win. .But if anything crushes victory, it is you..think about it..and think of
saving yourself.*



What if?

What if the price of happiness is being stupid and ignorant! What if the price of your happiness is to be an unfair vile! What if the price is to be without mind, without feelings so that you can be happy. and be away from misery, far away...

What if the price for that is to build a house at the expense of the ruins of other houses or that you Sow seeds in a land that is not yours!

What if the days and months and the years demanded you to forget or forget everything that troubles your life and makes you sleep just to be happy! What if the price for peace of mind is to put your mind in your shoes!

What if not asking was the best answer!!! Or the answer passes over your head like a cloud or a cloud and then goes away without returning as if it is a mistake, a fleeting whim, or a raging lapse. It soon returns to its nature... which is (nothing), what if nothing is everything!?

What if you became zero empty-handed of everything, except for one thing, which is nothing! What if the only way to congratulate you is to accept your misery! Rather, you must flirt with him, rejoicing in his mihrab, rejoicing in his majesty and good splendor...! But on the other hand, there is another question. you will always find it crouching like a hungry lion, eager to prey on your mind and feeling, no matter how much you ignore it as if you don't know it! What if another?

What if the price of knowledge and awareness is the curse on everything and anything.! But perhaps your loss of the most precious thing.

do you know what it is? It is peace of mind. it is impossible. what if in return for that is to feel the sparkle of days extinguishing around you. and that the only one price is (absence, loneliness, loss, and bereavement.) the loss of everyone around you and what is around you, The absence of sparkle from everything you live and coexist with.. as if minutes and hours

And all the seconds are ringing with every moment and all the time, announcing the extinguishing bell, disappearing, disappearing, disappearing pleasure, ecstasy, pleasure.. (All of them left and did not return, and perhaps they will not return) It is a disappearance with a disappearance and an extinguishment with an extinguishment.

then the next A lonely loneliness in the desert of your life may accompany you until your death.. a painful loss like a bereaved mother who has lost a son or daughter to her, as if you are surrounded by all this and that in your wake and sleep.. that you always lose something?

Your inner calm, perhaps, as if your life's pick is destroying yourself day after day.. but always remember that everything has a reward, and every loss has a gain, and every gain is a loss you meet, and in order for you to become like this and in this way, you took the return, now that you know everything Or say more than half of the thing.

and now you are as close as possible to an important part of the absolute truth, but not all of it Of course. now I see you insight into matters deeply and away from any look that buzzes and groans from fools and fools,, I see that you are now interpreting and analyzing clearer and deeper.. and put points on letters,, now you are like a free bird.

and you have done everything in your power to become so. and you did not You don't mind in order to get that any other loss, if we will call it a loss. Now I see you have become aware and certain and the mind for you is a flag with its importance raised above the forehead.

and you sacrificed for that until you no longer have anything to blackmail the pain, and only you from the loneliness Worry and old age, and your wounds became full of blood.. And sadness and lonely silence are the best that a mouth can fold, Until it became your biggest concern and your greatest money that the dose of pain decreases.

and that the pain suffices to subsist on yourself, and it goes over your remains, Now that your greatest hopes have become that your pain decreases!,,Now let me give you some tips if you want to be happy:First, to be happy, you must be stupid and ignorant.Second: To be a truly honest believer without evidence or certainty, you must put your mind under the shoes.

otherwise, your mind will be the disease and getting rid of it is the cure. Third: In order to be happy, loved, accepted.. Lie ..hypocritical.. Walk with them.

Always walk with them and walk in their knees., dive into their arms.Fourth: In order to be happy, you must get rid of this damned mind and truly belong to your cursed human race.Fifth: In order to be happy, you must not try to understand the whole matter in its entirety! You have to kill the logic inside you and kill it with premeditation and premeditation. You also have to kill your mind with poison..! Make him commit suicide.

commits suicide repeatedly whenever he tries to wake up. This is if you want to keep your happiness and peace of mine And bliss your mind.. Make it spoiled and never stress it.. Prepare for it all the ready-made, packaged and packaged answers that will save it effort and effort. Convince yourself of its credibility.

and do not forget that this is the pleasure and luxury for you and your spoiled mind. Sixth: You have to get things wrong!!! Yes..why are you surprised! If you know that error has a unique charm and attraction, you will not be surprised anymore.

especially when you convince yourself that the truth is all right in your misunderstanding. Which you think is not wrong!!! What an amazing attraction! Sometimes, deception and delusion are comforting to the soul and mind, sedating pain. Seventh: Stay away from the mentality of eagles.

and always follow the mentality of the herd. Yes, the herd. Take warmth in the embrace of the herd. The frost and the roaring that drips hail and snow from the eagle's wings to make a bed in a space of freedom and spaciousness will not give you the warmth of the herd.

Do not forget that the warmth of the herd The flock tastier and congratulated! And what is the harm in not understanding and never working your mind! What's wrong with that?!! Is not peace of mind and mind and walking with the group better in stages, and for the sake of the comfort of your mind and its significance.no?

Never forget that. Never tire yourself. Never tire yourself. Then what is the problem with staying with the herd, the sleeping herd of beasts. And last but not least: Abandon those lofty, naive, foolish pains. and always run after every happiness, even if it is trite and frivolous! For in those lofty pains, there is no rest for the mind, nor is there any rest for the mind. Now, do you see what I won? Important win!!! is not it.. !!!Leave the mentality of that damned eagle. and follow the warmth of the able and fortified herd!!!

Look at me well. and fix your eyes on mine..then..then what? I want you to compare the two things, and ask yourself: What is the value of what you have gained compared to the value of what you have lost?

A value confronts another value. and a meaning confronts another meaning. Is truth, knowledge and logic? Is knowledge of the insides of things and exploring the depths of the unknown. is it worth all this trouble and fatigue in return for all that?

Is your profit equal to and equal to the value of what you lost? Perhaps this is the most difficult equation in history, the value of profit versus the value of loss, which is worth the suffering and trouble? Which one is worth leaving, which one is worth staying?

See which one you lost? And which one did you win already? Which one is worth the risk? which of these? The winner and the loser .. who are they in reality? Who is the real winner, who is the real loser? I know it's relative.

This complicates the matter further, who preceded whom? Who has the preference? Who takes precedence? The first egg or the chicken? And the same question remains hanging, imposing itself with the same question?

Who wins if he already won, and who won what and why? Who is the loser? If he really lost he lost what and why? What the winner gains is the ultimate in loss for the loser.

What the loser loses is in itself the pinnacle of profit for the winner!!!! Each according to his opinion, and each according to his claim, the ugliness of loss in front of the value and splendor of profit, Loss and gain, but gain and loss. which one. which one. which one interests me, and does not mean losing to me?

Which is more painful to lose and which is more important and great to find and fulfill? Which one earns and wins? Which one do I lose? Which one I lost and missing,? Which one will revive his existence and find it. ?Reason and unhappiness together side by side,, or ignorance of things and their innermost parts and happiness together side to side?,, But know, dear reader, that the price is always high in front of the greatness and value of the gain.

He owns a lot and a lot,, the rich and the very rich, he is rich with his money from what he realizes and not with what he owns! This is how the picture is completed and the symbols of the equation become clear, and remember that you did not choose for yourself the beginning and did not draw the boundaries of the end and you You will be surprised by a turning point you did not expect, and at this turn everything will end.

and you yourself will end, and the answer will remain suspended between earth and space, until the judge rules and decides on it and implements the judgment of the judiciary.



Price(literary
Article)

If you tell someone a secret, then I know that you gave him an arrow that he might throw at you one day ... but let me tell you a secret that no one told you before ... or say it is in your life, you live and move inside his system but without realizing it ... or say maybe it is not a secret in the familiar or stereotypical sense, but it is something that you may ignore or forget, or say that you forget it with the passage of time .

We always strive to avoid pain more than we strive to find or search for happiness ... And if you ask me why we fear pain and try as much as possible to avoid it to this extent???...

I will tell you, imagine with me that it is a rainy stormy night waving with lightning teeth Like the crater of an angry volcano, as if space was holding back its anger for many years, and suddenly it decided to explode with lava from fiery flashes beating its drums, announcing the attack of armed armies from the torrential rains that landed on the fractured lands to quench their long thirst and nourish the hunger of their seeds, so that they grow and flourish. Case? The thirsty and dry land...

the seeds ... or the owner of the orchard ... or all of them together? The answer will come to you in a hurry and with confidence, and you will be certain that all of them benefit from that ... and the benefit extends to everyone ... but here comes the most important question. Are there parties or person's Other beneficiaries, or are there others who have been harmed?

Immediately, a movie tape of a number of successive pictures will follow in front of you, these refugees in the camps and who live in dilapidated tents. You see what this calamity happened to them. must be a catastrophe that demolished their dilapidated homes and infected them with diseases.

And quickly the picture will deliver you to another of the rooftops that flooded Heavy rain and images of successive swords of raindrops piercing valiantly and forcefully at one of the windows of elementary class classes and the children screaming from the cruelty of the boomerang.

and soon a poor person remembers a poor person groaning from the death that camped out or is about to every inch of it and those ribs are crying out in a refrigerator The cold dead whose storms ripple to ravage this sick poor person, right and left, so what then is nothing more than a feather in the wind (storms)..

Question? Is he a benefactor from these torrential rains, which only more humiliation, insult, torment, and more sickness flooded him...? He does not have land, farms and orchards, and even a single fruit to fill his hunger, then the only meaning and stubborn interpretation that is difficult for many to understand or accept is That (the calamities of a people are benefits) and what is beneficial to you is the same and at the same time damage, ruin and death to others.

What do you and we hope that he himself will happen what we wish and others ask you with the pleas of a drowning person in the open sea for a small straw, she may save him by not doing what you wish for your junior and whom you see as all the best interest and great benefit for you! The six is with me, dear reader, where have you been and wherever you are. It is a riddle or talisman that may be difficult for some to accept and I say some, not all.

But you may easily realize that this is the nature of life and its law. You have to learn or accept this truth and swallow it with the bitterness of the cactus and the roughness of the thorns. It hurts your feeling and may tear it .

which is that there is the principle of relativism (or the killer and the killed ... a principle on which life has been based since eternity. Life is always born from the womb of death! " ... This same killer gives life to others by killing!!! It may seem strange .

but you like it or not, it is the bitterness of the truth, and whether you swallow it or utter it, it is in place and its laws apply to your body and soul until you digest it without realizing it. no matter what you object to and resist She is coming to you inevitably. You may hide in any shiny dress that tempts you, but you will wear this garment with joy and happiness in it without knowing what it is hidden behind.!!!

But wait a little before your judgments are issued and let me tell you my dear, the poor, the poor, or the injured He has lost hearing and does not see from you, not even tears ... They are also losers in the same game ... You have to make sure, dear reader,

that there must be losses. All A loser in this battle or call it the game if you like. There are no winnings.

Rather, it is just big colored bubbles of soap balloons. Filled with air, it bursts with one puff or the touch of the tip of a finger, a large drum beating loudly, deafening the ears with its huge and lavish voice, but it is so fragrant from the inside that contains nothing but nothingness, emptiness, only ... Humans have put their imaginations with it with creativity. It is nice for a person to console himself with such an imaginary rumor that may comfort him somewhat...It is true that the rich have money and palaces and all the souls desire and is a good place but he loses Yes, a loser, because there is nothing for nothing.

He has paid for everything he enjoys, and he still pays the reward from his nerves because of his fear that his money accumulated in banks may be lost or stolen.

Of fear that he may lose because of one of his partners and no longer own anything, or at least his wealth decreases ... or from his fear that he will be killed or assassinated because he is a well-known personality.

it is true that others envy him for being famous, but they do not know the amount of his grief and hatred for a simple person enjoying his life without That the tongues reach him with its stinging whips for nothing except because he is known or famous.

He hates every obscure because he walks in the street freely without piercing the arrows of the eyes and penetrating into his guts with intrusiveness and rage only because he is known and famous. there is nothing for nothing and in the end, the end is sad He does not feel happy. What happiness is that.

Rather say which is better the misery of the famous or the happiness of the obscure?! Or the humiliation in this life that you are the only loser, they also shared with you the loss, but perhaps their loss is greater and more severe, but they often envy you for what you are in!!

Hey, do not be surprised ... Yes, within them they envy you for what you are in. at least you do not have what you are afraid of, and you always close and lock the doors behind you for fear of losing it ... You do not have money that you are afraid of decreasing, decreasing, or not.

Or that you will not lose more than you lost. And in the past they said (Do not challenge a person who has nothing to lose, and he has nothing to fear for ... In other words, his strength will not diminish, and his motivation will not weaken because of something that twists his neck or something that he holds from his hand that hurts him, as they say.

is this not compensation for you? Your loss in front of them. Do you not think with me that you also have something to envy you and wish it to be removed from you? but in the end, you are the other one, you are not comfortable, and you are also not happy!

and you may not see what I am saying, this is a consolation for you... you, despite what I told you, are still looking forward to them, and they are still looking forward to what you are in simplicity and what they do not find in spite of the wealth and money!!! More than his search for happiness.

Each of the two sides looks at the other with motivation and apprehension, a fighter preparing to tip his spear or to stuff his rifle with bullets in preparation for confronting its enemy.

each side fears the other will shoot it with arrows if it is shot by any kind. and wants to avoid the pain that gnaws like a weevil in the bones, and you both lose many times more hair or not feel... Or he did not possess. whether he perished or not, you both envy the other for what is in him, indifferent to what is in him! Why?!! The reason is clear, or perhaps hidden, but it is clear only to those who wanted to see it. because both of you lost. lost something very expensive or so, both of you feel. and remember that the price is not always material. There are other prices that are too expensive and more expensive than to be valued or Than to have a price! But it is not money, rather it is more expensive than that. You will recognize it when you lose peace of mind.

and the condition is here ... and you feel that avoiding pain is the pain of yourself is an impossible matter. and that this state of affairs is not inevitable ... I may relieve you by saying that what is a loss for others is the profit in particular for you!

and you may be relieved in the journey to search for the truth that as you envy him (and envy here is just a metaphorical word to approximate the meaning, nothing more, not more than a logical word) as you envy him for What is in it is also reciprocating the same feeling to you and in the same way. Imagine.

Imagine that you are both equal. Yes, equal. Do not be surprised. Yes. You are both equal in pain and equal in suffering. You both are looking for the same thing. but it does not find it. And if he was appreciated and found, he would not find it complete and complete ... Rather, incomplete and incomplete ... because if this thing had been completed, the journey of searching for truth and happiness would have stopped.

and life never stops ... Its acceleration turns around whether you like it or not. Whether you laughed or cried, and this is Dear reader, he leads me with you to a very important vital question?

Is it not being happiness in the truth and the search for it or is the truth in happiness? Which is clearer and more fun? Which one removes your pain more than the other? Or are both complementary to the other... a good question ... but its answer is more ambiguous than just putting it to your mind or yourself! ... The search for perfection or completeness in everything is fatal or perhaps impossible. But you must always remember and be aware that nature She gave you the best of her solutions. She did not claim total ability.

She did not ascribe to herself qualities or call herself strong and buzzing names. She did not claim that nor did she seek it. She is good with what she has and she does not want you in return.

It is only the wheel of life. And the nature of the creatures that revolve in the orbit of life with dark faces ... and this may make you reach even some credibility in the midst of this continuous game that leads you or will always lead you to nothing ... yes nothing .

and if you ask yourself why life? Why and what is the goal of your suffering and your constant panting after a little pain to avoid pain, in order to obtain even the slightest bit of some happiness. Perhaps you may rest your tired soul on a beach of calm and peace of mind. A beach that is free from anxiety far from waves of fear and anger ... and if your pods are swollen like a turkey and you rose from your place standing and in spite of everything you are in.

and despite the wheelbarrow that you are turning in and in the end. you are nothing, but this may push you more to feel your worth and leave a good impression on yourself so that your remembrance remains immortal.

This is the most important central point that I wanted to draw your attention to her with it until we reach nothing ... (Nothingness) is the same that will push you to everything. So you can, dear reader, find something out of nothing ...

and this is an innovation in itself! In fact, you will not really need more than that. What is the importance of anything that happens after that...? After it is too late, no other opportunity will come. And what is the importance of anything after nothing!! For such-and-such... and such-and-such ... without such-and-such, it will not matter to me according to your beliefs or say your speculations... and if I ask you where is the strong, bright evidence such as the sun's clarity of your speculation or your superfluous.

then you will inevitably make your case and your confident evidence ... the clear, clear and overwhelming certainty, as the edge of the sword and as the shining of the

sun ...!! Why are you so confident and sure of your evidence??!! Then why is it bright and clear and categorically unacceptable to argument or debate.???!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Did you see yourself the evidence?

I will say no!! Did you testify about what you say that you saw and actually witnessed it?!!! You will say no!!!! Did you see? No! Have you heard?? No!!! Have you tried, tested and ascertained ?? no no no!!!!!!!!!! So you (a witness who does not know anything) is a witness, but he did not witness anything !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Do you believe or respect, dear reader, a witness in a court testifying what he did not see?!!! Can you take his words and testimony, which he did not witness?!!!! Just because it is a testament by genetics!!! Evidence for him is metaphysical!!! But they are evidence!!!! How? And when?? Why??

You only have one answer, which is that this is the definitive answer!! And the real evidence The Incident!!! Real, but metaphysical!! And from the eyes are hidden and invisible!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! What conclusive evidence. sure!!!! I know that you have no other choice. and you have no choice but to acknowledge such evidence or make it evidence even if it is not evidence!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

It is the only guarantee to soothe your fear and anxiety about the mysterious future !! Is it not so .. I understand you ,, I see tears falling from your eyes now .. As you read my words .. I see the confusion laying on some other faces that I know well, or I know and read her thoughts while she is distressed by tension and confusion at my statements...

But you all have forgotten one thing.. And it is that the truth is always very expensive, because it is what causes happiness the most and at the same time it causes the most pain !!! How hard it is for someone who discovered the truth alone!

Perhaps you will not reach and one day you will not reach perfection, as it is impossible to reach it..But you have to know that once you have part of the truth or at least you get close to it, even simple steps from it.

this will make a huge difference in your life .. and it is enough for you that you are Then you will not be deluded ... and from the pain you are not in pain ... and from your painful misfortune ... you will not be bereaved .

because you only possess a part of the truth...and now you have learned the secret of the game...but you have to be aware and always remember that your possession of the truth or An important part of it is as much as it is your honor...and happiness to you...as much as it may be bad for you !!!

For here you are those who possess the truth and live in hiding, hiding and afraid in barracks of fear and anxiety.

you are covered with a blanket or covers that you hide around .. to escape By your truth, away from the eyes that lie in wait for you...because what you have is what you have or possess what is it More expensive than treasuresBut in the end you revolve in the same ark.

and you play the same game on the stage of life .. with the change of roles and the different scenarios and dialogue ... in short with the difference.... and the difference is big between this and that .. But the game and the play continues Endlessly.... and if you know and do not dare to do so, then that is a calamity, and if you do not know, the calamity is greater...



Carrot and stick(literary article)

A burning atmosphere and the blazing sun rays come out laden with fiery flames from an infinite cosmic space furnace ... eternal and eternal in his torments, stern as a sword stuttering in his decisions ... stupid and blind in committing his follies ... But despite this, this poor man kept walking and running, hoping to escape from the whips of the ray The burner who flogged his back.

But his owner was not satisfied with that .. rather, he started to wail him from Hell and pour a flogging whip on his back with that ... without mercy and without pity ... And when mercy and compassion?? It is a donkey... just a donkey, a stupid animal... it

does not understand and does not understand, and there will be no results with it that will bear fruit except in this way.

and take this boy His anger was poured out while he was driving the carriage and the whips skin was ironing with its fire the back of the poor donkey ... While this poor donkey was talking to himself while he was looking forward to her and saying to her, "Well, well, rest on your pain, soon ... Oh damned carrot, so I will ask you whatever the price.

Yes, I must get you and then I will rest from my torments ... Yes, I will definitely rest...I trust that I will nourish you and savor your taste and you will provide me with the necessary food and strength... And the poor donkey keeps running and the carrot waving in front of its age, like a flash of dreamy sparkle A snatcher, and whenever the donkey was running more, the carrot was dancing in front of him and swaying in front of him and swaying in the pampering of her golden hair, so the rays of his tresses increased brightly under the sunlight.

And the donkey was as tired as he was panting behind the temptation and the indulgence of that pampered carrot that eluded him and increased his passion for it They yearned for Vitim as he dived into the sea of her pamphlet, panting more and more behind her wishing himself even with a bite of beauty and its delicious taste. But heyhaaaa.

it would like to reach his goal ... But in the end he is a living creature, sick, tired and even tormented. so if it is His tired body groans crying for help, asking for a little rest, perhaps he will recover if a little of his breathless breath that was exhausted by running after the temptation of that carrot The beautiful woman who enjoys his torments and is cheered by the sound of his groans,,he finds himself only when he stopped running.

and under the weight of his body screaming, he had to stop in response to the call and relief of this screaming and the pain of this whining with a sad sound of fair ... To run again ... under the edge of the sword ... and under the mercy of this damned whip in the hand of this reckless boy who wants him to run and run.

and it does not matter to him what he suffers or suffers from this animal from his pain...So this donkey is between a grindstone milling it between its molars with all his fierceness, mercy and indecency The noise of his moaning and the wailing of his disheveled person wishing and comforting himself by reaching the carrot that is in front of him once more going back the ball again ... to rotate in the same vicious circle and the closed circle. With no benefit .

it is only promises and my aspirations are false. The donkey will continue to dream ... With the carrot that he will never get. Why?? Because neither the donkey matters, nor the carrot is important. Rather, it is only just tricks and deceit. Just to let the donkey

run and keep running all his dreams and all his hopes in (the carrot ?! which he will not attain. but it remains like a dream, like a mirage, like a flashing lightning. who calls him.

" He seduces him and continues running ... It reminds me of the story () that grandparents in the countryside used to tell children and believed even adults, which is that someone The caller called him and he heard the call and answered him, and he remained like an idiot all his life running after that voice calling him from afar, or he deludes that.

until his life was lost in vain scattered, do you not see with me a similarity between this person and this animal that provokes pity and compassion, and which has become not doing or he mentions something but only running and running, otherwise the flames of the burning whips are waiting for every piece of his body to quench its hunger by devouring the thick skin.

so he consoles himself directly with his only wish and his stubborn reward that he will receive if he continues running vigorously and actively to catch up with that (carrot) and in return as well He escapes from punishment and from the whipping of this reckless boy. and as a result, nothing ...!

One benefit in the sure and certain, namely, that it achieves the goals of that fierce boy. the goals of the leader who leads the carriage. which is to make this being at his mercy and obey his goodness all the time. go according to the plan drawn up for him by this leader who leads the carriage of course. This leader, the leader of the blessed march, indicates to him what he wants in any direction, so that the donkey moves for fear of punishment and in the hope of reward and reward that seem like an elusive fantasy ... Did you not ask yourself, O tormentor in This life someday ... this question.

which is better off you or the donkey? Rather say which is the least restrictive? You or the donkey? If you ask yourself, you will find one clear answer in front of you without (makeup) and a plaid, a naked fact that tells you that the donkey, despite all its misfortune and suffering, is better off than you!!!!

And the least restrictions on you ... You man may be surprised at the answer, but let me say it to you before someone else says it ... You did not even reach to be a donkey or the rank of a donkey.!! And if you ask me why?

I will answer you immediately, saying: Because a donkey does not need money in order to live so it exerts effort and effort and deprives itself of the pleasures of life only to eat or drink only to live as if it is living from the lack of death like you.

the donkey, my dear, which is not a donkey that is not bound with official government papers. and the donkey also, my dear, who is not a donkey is not a group of papers like you, you are in front of the official authorities.

it is not equal to anything without the paper that proves your existence. Without it you do not exist even if you exist! You are a card, just a piece of paper, and you should not forget that you are a piece of paper, the donkey my dear, and the donkey who is not a donkey does not speak.

does not write and also does not read like you. He does not need to enter schools to learn and spend huge sums on that knowledge, then in the end he finds himself lying in a warehouse or Interests or government departments to obtain a little money. Satisfied and silent Curiosity and your long jump to the sea of confusion and mystery and asked me how? Why?

I will tell you with all sorrow and sorrow that you are always indoctrinated from childhood, whether from home, family, society, street, neighborhood, people, even the media, you are a container in which they put what they want and what they want.

you A piece of paper with which they write what they want and what they want. They are who they want and not you, and nothing else, not even a burning supernatural ability is what you want, as they always pee in your ear with these mumblings that seem like a magic spell. You are running like that donkey.

Your options are limited and less than Ltd. you always think that you are the one who does and you are not. you are the one who chooses while you are not. you are the only one who is confused, but in the end you are forced to choose. a limited choice within a frame they made for you, put it, filled it and packed it with all that you wish and could not find.

You will not find it. I remember, my friend, the carrot and the donkey. You will continue to chase after the hopes, dreams, desires and wishes that you have filled with him. And the more the noose is tight on you. the more you will long and long. you will long for all that you are deprived of. To get rid of your torments ... to get rid of your gasps and you are behind the carrot. And you ask yourself...

When will I get it? When will I rest? They made you understand that when this is far away in the distant eternity...It is difficult to achieve, but it is not impossible ... The more you run and the greater the effort, the more I have to get it ... just get tired ... struggle ... torment ... what you are in it now of suffering and suffering that is not important. What is important is the result. the outcome, the conclusion. what you are in now is a stage and it will end, tomorrow the goal will be ... so you have to do what you feel now.

Seeking help from you, asking you for help and kindness to him, even if only a little by which he suffers his hunger for mercy and compassion ... This body has tired ... Is it not his right to rest even a little under the shade of the fruitful tree of life? The darker, if he does not hard work and strives. He will be a burden to him.

How to relax Days flog him every day with fear and anxiety, and the dark future if he does not strive hard ... it will be a disaster for him ... How does his body relax? How ... How does he submit himself to the desire to rest and enjoy ...?!!! How how??! You will lose and suffer ... and you will end up with nothing.

and the most important thing is that you will not get a (carrot). See what will happen to you if your body relaxes and seeks rest and searches for recreation. Rather, the whips of torment will fall on you from all sides. Even the little that you were getting will not be found.

You sold a lot and exchanged it for the least little. What your loss is not compensated by anything. and it is not surpassed by a loss. Because at that time it will be too late. (It is too late and we have stayed after a few days). And the fire has become smoke and ashes.

but say the opposite, for the fire will ignite and reach its light as far as you can imagine and ravage you with its flame and grind you between its molars without mercy and without remission. so do not long when you hear those buzzing words, and buzzing phrases.

whose tinnitus continues to ring the beats of its drums in your ears. In front of you is a way but to get up in panic, panic, to continue running and panting again for fear and greed, and you keep wishing yourself and tears of pain dripping from the mouth of your eyes to pour into the volcano of your silent anger.

which does not dare to announce its explosion. Is this not my dear who is not They breastfed you with a donkey ... and they weaned you from before your mother's breast.

Isn't that my dear, and you are not a donkey You have mastered it in the white page of your mind. From the earliest age. Is not this what you were promised, and he himself is what you are threatened with losing if you do not do such-and-such. What if your distance from what hurts you is the same that hurts you...?

You have no choice. It saddens me that I tell you that. but you are tied on the iron bars of life and crosswise. And the train will pass over you inevitably ... and you are waiting for (the carrot) to save you from what you are in, but it will never come ... you

want the carrot to heal your wounds and heal your pains and pains through it. Yes, I very much regret to tell you that but you, my dear respectable, who is not a donkey.

If you took off that huge aura that was placed from time immemorial on your eyes. you would see the truth naked in front of you as a vaunted prostitute, fear nothing and nothing means anything but subjugate you and reach you only.

if you took off that aura that kept you from seeing for a long time I saw that you have been used as a tool to subjugate and implement desires, ambitions and interests ... My dear, who you are not a donkey you have always been and still have been a bridge on which they crossed to reach their goals.

by agreement and exchange of interests between the beneficiaries Which are mosquitoes that feed on your blood ... A trap is set for you and deceives you with hopes and soft-spoken to take from you the works.

The works that he only wants or they only want and they have drawn over your exhausted body a road map to what they want only and nothing else.

even if you failed in Carrying out the tasks entrusted to you, woe all the woe to you. and you will not gain the lambs of the Levant or the grapes of Yemen. my respectful dear poor, who is not a donkey. If you removed the blurring of that aura that kept you from seeing throughout the past of your life Your mind sincerely and logically without that aura, even for once, you would have seen everything, everything, with full clarity.

And when you discover the truth, it sees what you are doing then?????

How I wished to know or see your reaction before it is too late. Because at that time and at that time you will not be anything ,, and you will not be the one who was. and if you were the one who was place.. my dear and who you are not a donkey, if you were the mother-in-law.

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leave me a review at your favorite retailer?

Thanks!

Manal Khalil

Manal Khalil is an Egyptian writer, born in 1973. I hold a BA in the College of Arts, Department of Media, Class of 1999, in addition to a General Diploma in Postgraduate Studies in Education, a writer and a member of the Egyptian Writers Union ... I worked as a former journalist for some Egyptian magazines and newspapers, and that was for several years, such as (Umm Al-Dunya, Al-Musawwar Magazine, and Al-Hayat Egyptian Newspaper). A printed and paper short story collection was also released in 2012 (entitled Talk of Silence) and the novel in 2013-2014, and this is currently my new collection of stories on the Amazon website entitled (When You Love the Queen) and it is in a paper book and also a digital book (electronic).